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# UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918


## *The Angel at the Gate*

*By CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY*

With Introductions by
JESSIE SHEARS CARNOVALE AND
MARY H. WILMARTH

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIV THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1919 NUMBER 16

## THE SHEPHERDS.

*And there were shepherds in the same country, keeping watch by night over their flock.*

*First Shepherd, a youth:*
I saw a wonder as I came along:
Out of the sky there dropped a shining song.
I do not know if stars in heaven have wings;
But look, and listen! there it soars and sings.

*Second Shepherd, an old man:*
My eyes are dazzled for the light is strong.

*The Angel:*
I bring good tidings, shepherds, have no fear:
The Saviour of the whole world is come near.
A child is born to-night in Bethlehem
Who brings great joy to all, and most to them
Who are most poor. The King! The King is here!

*First Shepherd:*
Where is his palace? Can we find the way?

*Second Shepherd:*
We have had kings enough. Must we go pay
More taxes to a new one?

*The Angel:*
Come and bring
The love of simple hearts unto this king.

*Third Shepherd, a man of middle age:*
I could bring only tears where a child lay.

*First Shepherd (aside):*
Why can he not forget his year-old pain.

*Second Shepherd (aside):*
Hearts that break slowly will not heal again.

*The Angel:*
Good-will, good-will, and peace to all the earth
Born in a cattle stable, lo! his birth
Is holy, King of Love, he comes to reign.

*Third Shepherd:*
When harvests fail, and all the sheep are dead,
The little children cry and cry for bread,
Grow tired at last, and sicken and lie still,
Will any sing of peace here and good-will
To us who watch beside an empty bed?

*First Shepherd:*
I think that when the King of Love is grown,
And hearts of men are loving like his own,
He who has gold will with his brother share;
There will be bread and wine and fire to spare;
For who can love, yet sit and feast alone?

*Second Shepherd:*
Quick, let us go! These dim old eyes would see
A king who comes in peace and poverty.

*First Shepherd:*
I see a hundred white stars drifting down;
They circle yonder over Bethlehem town.

*Chorus of Angels:*
Glory to God! Good-will to men shall be!

*The Shepherds.* —*Sophia Jewett.*

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Our advertising columns this week contain announcement of four publications of peculiar and personal interest to UNITY readers. The Celia Parker Woolley Memorial Committee of the Chicago Woman's Club has brought out in attractive book form Mrs. Woolley's delightful fantasy, "The Angel at the Gate," which many of her friends will recall having heard her read. The characteristically tender, touching, yet modern view of the after life which her whimsical fancy has painted will appeal to all readers, whatever their own idea of the future may be. Its introductions by Mrs. Carnovale and Mrs. Wilmarth will but endear it the more to their UNITY friends. The proceeds of the book will go to support the work of the Frederick Douglass Center of which Mrs. Woolley was the Founder and Head Resident for many years. Curiously enough, Mr. Holmes's new book, "The Grail of Life," touches, in the form of an Anthology, this same question which is uppermost in so many minds in these days when "the ways of death have been so crowded with hurrying feet." Still another publication, one suited for every day use, is the John Haynes Holmes engagement calendar which should find a warm welcome. The new edition of "The Faith that Makes Faithful," by William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, continues its appeal to new friends and old. E. LL. J.

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The release of Consular Agent Jenkins in Mexico, has enabled us all to breathe somewhat easier; but it will not be for long. There are determined forces here in America which are resolved upon getting us embroiled with our southern neighbor, and when one plausible occasion for trouble fails, another, we may be sure, will speedily be found. It seems inconceivable, after the horror and chaos of the last five years, that anybody should seek to stir up international difficulties for any cause; but it is evident that we have some such men in Washington and elsewhere. It would be interesting to see, however, to what extent the public sentiment in America could be persuaded to sustain an actual movement looking to open hostilities. We cannot believe that such action would be popular, except under the most extreme provocation. Taxes are too high, military interest is at its lowest ebb, the European war has not yet faded from the national consciousness. Furthermore, we are still unshaken in our faith in the essential devotion of the American people to the cause of peace. We believe that Senator Fall and his associates will be well advised if they proceed with caution.

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The will left by the late Henry C. Frick is one well calculated to stir the imagination. An art gallery of unrivalled masterpieces bequeathed to New York City, fifteen million dollars conferred upon Princeton University, five millions upon Harvard, five millions upon the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, simi-

lar donations of varying amounts upon numerous institutions in Pittsburgh and elsewhere—such gifts tempt one to meditate upon the beneficence of great wealth, and mourn the loss which will be suffered by humanity when vast fortunes of this kind will be no longer possible, and such bequests, therefore, out of the question. And that there will be such loss, nobody can deny! The control of great wealth by men of sound instincts, princely imagination, and the sense of stewardship in their possession of money, has led to achievements of unending benefit to mankind. But it is a far cry from recognition of this fact to acceptance of the existing system of the distribution of wealth. For every one millionaire who has done what Mr. Frick has done, there are scores who spend every last cent of their ill-gotten gains in selfish enjoyment or corruption. Even those most generous and wise in their beneficence, usually acquire their means at an expense to the general public welfare which is hideously recorded in the poverty of the multitudes. And shall we never come to understand the fact that when wealth is equitably distributed, society will be able to do for itself, what is now done for it by its financial monarchs? Why should we look to a Rockefeller for our great undertakings of medical research, to a Carnegie for libraries and peace foundations, to a Frick for the gathering of our art collections or the support of our colleges? That these men should choose to spend their fortunes in these enlightened ways is to their credit. But we believe that that will be a happier and healthier day when society can do these things by itself as a duty, instead of accepting them for itself as a charity. The elimination of our millionaires means not the loss of their benefactions, but the transformation of these benefactions from private to public operations.

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We have long been interested in the growth of myths in these modern days. That they should have appeared under the excitement of war conditions was inevitable. Stories of the reappearance of Jeanne d'Arc, of saints leading the Russian hosts into battle, of the angels at Mons, were as natural as the multitudinous tales of atrocities which came to us from every seat of war. It is somewhat surprising, however, to discover that the process of myth-making is still going on a year or more after the close of hostilities, and has been transferred from the military to the political field. Thus, one of the most prevalent myths of our time, is that of Ole Hansen, ex-Mayor of Seattle, Wash. This man is now journeying about the country clothed in a legend of heroic battle against the "Reds," which contains not a vestige of truth. Nothing that he has supposed to have done did he actually do; and yet the great mass of the people everywhere accept the tale of his exploits as genuine. Another myth, more recent than that of Hansen, is the myth of Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts. This is the thrilling story of a courageous man who faced unflinchingly a strike of the Boston policemen, saved the Hub from wreckage at the hands of criminals and hoodlums, and by his example delivered the entire country from revolution. Here again we have an account which is a legend from beginning to end. Governor Coolidge played a particularly weak and compromising rôle in the strike difficulty, came to Boston's relief hours after the mischief possible had been done, and took definite stand against the strikers only when public opinion had unquestionably asserted itself in this direction. From the beginning to the end Coolidge followed instead of led—and yet he is now being hailed as one of our greatest citizens and offered as a candidate for the presidency. The part which the newspapers play in this manufacture of myths is of course evident, as is their purpose; but could such deception be practiced successfully if our people were not ready for such buncomb? We are inclined to believe that here is every evidence of the truth of P. T. Barnum's famous remark, "The people love to be humbugged."

---

The first anniversary of Armistice Day has passed, Thanksgiving has gone, Christmas is almost upon us; and still are our conscientious objectors and political offenders in this country languishing in prison. We almost fear to bore our readers by referring again to this outrageous fact, and yet we feel that UNITY must continue to bear witness on behalf of these martyrs to principle so long as our Government refuses to grant them amnesty. To denounce the Administration in Washington is a temptation not easily resisted. But we feel that the Administration is perhaps almost justified in its obdurate and heartless policy by the public opinion which it may well claim to represent. That the great body of American citizens should be not only indifferent to the continued imprisonment of conscientious objectors and political offenders, but actually well content on the whole that these men should not be delivered, is one of the most amazing facts in our history. It can mean nothing else but that Americans on the whole do not know what liberty is, or do not care enough about it to resent its violation. In the meanwhile, however, those of us who care must continue unremittingly in our endeavor to educate opinion, to stimulate new understanding and love of freedom, and to bring pressure to bear upon our Government for action. If there is any reader of UNITY who has not addressed letters on this subject to the President, the Secretary of War and the Attorney General, let him do so forthwith. If there are any churches or clubs which can pass resolutions on this subject, let them not fail to act. Shall not Christmas, or New Year's at the latest, be marked as a day of general amnesty?

In view of the campaign which is definitely under way in this country on behalf of a national system of universal military training, it is gratifying to read the resolutions adopted some weeks ago by the Southern Methodist Conference, meeting at Greenville, North Carolina, referring to the bill now pending in Congress. These resolutions affirm that this measure

would foster unduly in our young men, unacquainted with actual war, a spirit of militarism from which in the past we as a nation have been happily free, and against which we should guard with a constant jealousy, because we desire nothing that smacks of German militarism, even though it bear the name of American militarism.

The resolutions then go on to state that

there is no need of universal military training in the interim of war in order to have good soldiers in time of war, as our whole past history proves most convincingly by the fact that our armies have been uniformly victorious. The fighting record of our boys in France, to say nothing of the government's proud boast that the recent war was fought in order to prevent future wars, prove most conclusively that universal military training should not be desired and is not needed for national security, or for American victory if war should be thrust upon us. We, therefore, as a patriotic Christian organization, set for the triumph of the gospel of Jesus Christ, respectfully urge our senators and members of the house to use their high offices and personal influence to prevent the enactment of a law requiring universal military training, or any other law that will unduly foster militarism.

Our Methodist brethren are here once again staunchly faithful to the ideals of their faith. We have had frequent occasion in the past to describe Methodism as the one great church of Protestantism in which the primitive spirit of social idealism has not been extinguished; we would take this occasion to reaffirm this fact. The Unitarians who are reported to have defeated at their Baltimore Conference a resolution in opposition to universal military training, fare badly in comparison with their braver and more clear-visioned comrades of the South.

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An interesting communication comes to us from the *Baptist and Reflector,* of Nashville, Tennessee. In the issue of November 27th, appears a circular (No. 1919) addressed to Secretary J. W. Gillon in connection with the "Baptist $75,000,000 Campaign" now under way. The letter is dated from "Headquarters, Kingdom War Department, Jesus Christ Commander-in-Chief." It calls for "mobilization of the State of Tennessee for the money campaign," instructs "every officer in your division to give full and cheerful duty during these heroic days," demands that there shall be no "slackers in this campaign," asks that "every Baptist soldier be ready to give himself to the Captain of his salvation," and directs that at the close of the campaign official report be made "at general headquarters." Here is an example of religion brought up to date! Indeed this may be a sign of the great religious revival that was announced to come after the war. To speak of the "War Department" of the Kingdom, to refer to Jesus as "Commander-in-Chief" in this "War Department," is quite in the spirit of the times. "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "The Son of God Goes Forth to War" are certainly outdone. But what are we to think of a religion which conducts campaigns in this spirit and issues such appeals for support and sacrifice? The disintegration of modern Protestantism and the desperate pass to which it has now come, is seen not only in things undone, but much more lamentably often times in the things done.

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## Ants and Men

Men have such extraordinary ideas of what is and what is not property that it is worth our while consulting the naturalists to learn from them how property is regarded by the insects. Presumably, our experience is not antedated by any considerable period of time by, let us say, the ants. We have been in the property business about as long as they have, but it seems to me they have learned pretty thoroughly what property is, for they make none of the blunders that man seems to have cultivated since he emerged from his primitive state. This is a sad reflection on intellect, and must prove that instinct and intelligence are pretty good guides, after all. By no means can it be said that the ants have preserved a purely communistic practice of disposing of provisions and land, indeed the naturalists tell us that they are addicted to territorial aggrandizement and conquest, and they are animated very often by the same predatory desires as their superiors in the animal world. Still, the ants have preserved certain qualities which we have lost, and one, amongst many, they maintain is this one of knowing what is property, its purpose and its uses. The high cost of living, as we understand it, is unknown to them, but they have their labor troubles, and their capitalists have their imperial policies. They, however, do not seem to suffer in the long run as we do from these afflictions which man, seemingly, cannot overcome.

We might with profit turn our attention to the methods of the ants so that we may get an idea of how our conditions differ from theirs. Some ants practice hoarding in a way that would make a profiteer turn green with envy. There is a species in Hindustan which knows how to construct a storehouse during dry weather and gathers into it a graminaceous plant, as we store cereals in our granaries. This busy insect knows the value of providing for a rainy day. (There are, of course, some men who follow the methods of this ant.) Another specimen is to be found in Texas, and this one has reached a very high stage of development; indeed, it practices agriculture with the avidity and foresight of a western farmer in time of war. Dr. Linceum tells us that this tiny creature "clears a circular patch before her ant-hill, sows a graminaceous plant there, and later harvests it, binding it up into a kind of sheaf, which

she carries into her barn. After this, she picks out the seeds from the husks, and, when the stored-up seeds are damp, is even careful to bring them out from time to time to time to dry in the sun, afterwards taking them in again." Could well-trained farmer do more? Scarcely. Yet there must be many well-trained farmers who, in considering the question of property, must envy this ant the wonderful natural opportunities she has access to, and the advantages she has of storing her produce without fear of the ravages of rent and tax collectors. As producers, agricultural ants are in a most enviable position. They have advantages we have not: such as equal opportunity, and so far as the naturalists record, no landlords and no taxation of provisions. Yet, in other respects, their systems only too often resemble those of men.

Before I proceed to deal with other similarities and differences well worth noting, I should like to enter a protest against some of the naturalists and anthropologists, who in their works on ants and men frequently reveal a sad lack of economic knowledge, for over and over again they get hopelessly confused as to what is and what is not property—a blunder no ant ever made. Professor Letourneau, of the Anthropological Society of Paris, in his wonderfully interesting work, "Property: Its Origin and Development," makes the same mistake which naturalists often make when dealing with the habits of insects. He fails to see the true economic relationship of the ant to its food, though he deals with the case of the agricultural ant, discovered by Dr. Linceum in Texas, which clears a patch of ground and sows seed and harvests it. Whether the habits of this ant led him to imagine that ants are animated by the same desires as men with respect to possession of land is not quite clear, though I am inclined to think his judgment was influenced by the habits of this creature, for he tells us, "Ants possess also in a high degree the feeling for property in land, in the districts of which their city is the center . . ." Now this conclusion is by no means valid, as he so clearly shows in his work when, later on, he deals with the habits of men in their primitive state. He proves that men had no sense of or feeling for "property in land" until they had emerged from the communistic period. The term "property in land" is of comparatively modern coinage; it bears the mark of the legal mint, and is current only in a society where the political means are organized to exploit the economic means. It is strange how so great a student as Professor Letourneau could fall into an error of this kind. In reading his work I cannot help but feel that he knows better, because the very thoroughness of his research somehow indicates a consciousness on his part of what is and what is not property, in the real economic sense of the term. Property is to him, sometimes, what certain animals "can seize and devour," or, in some cases, stored up provisions. But he becomes confused the moment he deals with the area in which the animal finds its provisions. He says, "There is a somewhat higher kind of property known to many animals, and desired and defended by them: landed property to wit." Is such a blunder pardonable in an anthropologist? If we turn to the dictionary for a definition of the word we shall find its primary meaning is: "the right to the use or enjoyment or the beneficial right of disposal of anything that can be the subject of ownership." Property then is something one can own. Therefore the ant can have no degree at all of feeling for "property in land," not even the agricultural ant of Texas. No one has perhaps given the true definition of property so clearly as John Stuart Mill. He says:

> "The institution of property, when limited to its essential elements, consists in the recognition, in each person, of a *right* to the exclusive disposal of what he or she have produced by their own exertions, or received, either by gift or by fair agreement, without force or fraud, from those who produced it. The foundation of the whole is, the *right* of producers to what they themselves have produced."

We cannot, correctly, use the term property in connection with land, for it is not a product of labor.

It would scarcely be fair to the ant to make it responsible for all the economic errors of man, though men seem to prefer to adhere to many of the habits which are common in the civilization of the ant. We are told that the desire for property is so keen amongst ants that they willingly satisfy it by adopting most discreditable methods. The wicked little creatures are continually coveting their neighbors' goods, and their warlike pillaging expeditions are on a huge scale.

> "Almost as unreasonable on this head as men," says Professor Letourneau, "they are not content bravely to defend their own country, but must needs be always ready to invade their neighbors. Yet in a certain way the raids of ants are more 'humane' than ours. After all, they have no quarrel but with the cattle and pupæ of rival republics; they do not appear to like killing for killing's sake, and do not attempt the lives of their adversaries unless they have the bad taste to defend their belongings, and the hope of their republic, with too much energy. Pillage is enough for these utilitarian amazons. They have no pleasure in slaughter, unless (a trait common to them and to mankind) inferior races are in the case, races entirely foreign and contemptible in their eyes, whose pupæ they only steal to devour. Under these circumstances they slay without mercy. After a victory, the conquerors are not always

content with sacking the vanquished city; sometimes they retain possession and use it as a sort of palace of delight. Forel mentions a colony of *Formica sanguinea* who thus owned three nests, two being conquests, and inhabited them by turns."

The difference between ants and men in this respect must be one of endurance, for men are sometimes obliged to take a rest; they cannot live in a perpetual state of slaughter and pillage. Then the military system of the ants, though it may be so perfect as to fill the heart of any militarist with envy, is one in which an equal division of the spoil is usually maintained. Perhaps that is what makes it so attractive to the ant. The world's militarists might take a hint. Compulsory service, with all its aliases, might be made attractive to most of the common folk if the military mind would devise some way of making an equal distribution of the spoils of conquest. Ants have, however, in their civilization, other features that indicate even a closer relationship with men. Professor Letourneau, dealing with the extraordinary discoveries of M. Huber, says that:

". . . certain warlike species, *Formica sanguinea,* and *Formica rufescens,* have subjugated a negro species, *Formica fusca.* Here again ants, whilst behaving like men, have never allowed themselves the abuses of force to which men are accustomed. They never enslave adult ants; they seize upon the pupæ, bring up the young, treat them gently and thus make them into docile and zealous servants. These slave ants, who have never known the city whence they sprang, do all the inferior work of the community with eager alacrity; care for the larvæ, carry their mistresses, feed them, barricade the approaches in case of siege, receive the victorious amazons with joy when they return from a fruitful expedition, and relieve them of the pupæ captured in the raid. They are so heartily at one with their owners that they venture sometimes, not without peril to themselves, to molest them when they return from an expedition with empty mandibles. As for the slaves, their labor is purely domestic; in some English ant hills they do not even come out of the nest; in Switzerland, however, they go aphis hunting, inferior work, scorned by the warrior ants. But these latter always consider the black, or rather ash-colored ants, who serve them, as their property, and though habitually they lazily cause themselves to be carried by their slaves, they in their turn do not disdain to carry their servants for safety's sake when changing house, or, in case of a siege, to drag them hastily down into the depths of the subterranean dwelling. Such, at least, are the proceedings of *Formica sanguinea.*"

The question that naturally arises on learning facts of this nature is, "Well, who started it, ants or men?" An uncomfortable feeling takes hold of one that the naturalist is afraid to tell us, and leaves us to infer that the lord of the foul and the brute has not taken advantage of the civilizing influences which universities and churches are supposed to exert—on men. But it has not always been so with either ants or men. There was an earlier state in which no hierarchy existed, no castes were thought of, and in that time the obligation to work must have been general for all ants and men. It cannot be said that either ants or men have bettered themselves, as a whole, from the civilizing change. Indeed, the naturalists inform us that the aristocratic organization has an effect upon the ruling and idle classes of the ant hill that is degenerate in a fearful measure. They tell us that the physical formation of the slave owners has deteriorated in a lamentable manner. Professor Letourneau describes the condition:

"Amongst the amazon ants (*Formica or Polyergus rufescens*), who not only do not bemean themselves by working, but even have the food put into their mouths by slaves, the jaws have become elongated, narrow and powerful, and project in sharp points, very suitable for piercing an adversary's head, but unfit to lay hold of food. Without the help of their slaves, these distinguished ants would die of inanition. When one of these amazons is hungry, she merely taps with her antennæ upon the head of a slave, who thereupon injects some food from her own mouth into that of her mistress. These ants are fine ladies, and good for nothing, except slaying their foes. They are so aristocratic that they no longer know how to construct their nest, or rear their larvæ, or feed themselves. Huber, in his celebrated experiment, shut up thirty amazon ants with their larvæ, their pupæ, and abundance of provisions; but the captives did not know how to feed themselves, they were so well bred, and most of them died of hunger. Then, amongst the survivors, the experimenter introduced one single black slave (*Formica fusca*), who set to work then and there, like the plebeian she was, fed and saved her exhausted mistresses, constructed cells, placed the larvæ in them; in a word, put everything to rights. But what is perhaps still more curious, is that amongst certain species, idleness, prolonged during a sufficient series of generations, has ended by rendering the artistocratic ants unskilful even in the warlike exploits to which their life has been solely consecrated. Thus the *Strongylognathus testaceus,* says Forel, has become a sort of caricature of the amazon. She has preserved the belligerent instinct, but in her expeditions her

courage is betrayed by her physical weakness; she exhausts herself in futile efforts to carry off the pupæ she has conquered, and would utterly fail were it not for the aid of her slaves, who accompany her, and bear away the booty without any difficulty. In the trade of war mere courage is not enough; there is also a necessity for muscles."

The abuses of property practiced by the ants are so startling that we cannot help but wonder how their civilization has been maintained so long. Hindustan, Babylon, Egypt, Greece and Rome, with their similar civilizations, social parasitism, fell into decay long ago, and the civilization in which we live has been most unwilling to learn the cause of the decay which set in. In all probability the naturalist may be able to do more for us, in a warning way, than the economists and the historians. Decay has perhaps set in in the ant world, though the last census reveals to me no diminution in their numbers. Nevertheless, organic parasitism is doing its deadly work, and Espinas tells us, "The effect of parasitism is a correlative diminution of vital power in the animal that submits to it, and of organic complexity in the animal that practices it." Lamarck pointed out how organs and functions of man are atrophied by inactivity, and though the superior animal has passed recently through a period of abnormal activity, I am afraid the organs and functions of the next generation will be no less atrophied than those of the past. Professor Letourneau sums up the matter in a way which can only appeal to those who will take the trouble to study the civilizations of ants and men in a scientific manner. He says:

> "We have just seen how this law is verified amongst the slave-holding ants, and we know that in human societies warrior and still more financial aristocracies fall more or less quickly victims of physical and mental retrogression, which must end in sterility and extinction. Effort—I mean continuous but not excessive effort—is a condition of existence and duration for man and beast."

True enough, all history bears evidence of this fact; it is indisputable. Let the military mind take notice: the *Strongylognathus testaceus* preserved the bellicose instinct, but in action her courage was betrayed by her physical weakness, a weakness brought about by parasitism. This awful warning should now be heeded by us all. I am sorry I do not know what to recommend to the ants to help them out of their troubles. Still, I can safely recommend to men a certain cure for parasitism, and that is, the restoration of natural rights: equal opportunity for all and privilege for none.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

## THE PULPIT

### One Year After the War

#### *What Have We Gained and Lost*

**A sermon preached by John Haynes Holmes at the Community Church, New York City, on Sunday, November 9, 1919.**

II.

(Concluded.)

But are there no gains to compensate for these inevitable losses? This question brings me immediately to the second half of my sermon, for we have been told, from the very beginning, in 1914, that the ills of the struggle could all be borne with an easy conscience in view of the immeasurable good which a victorious outcome would bring upon the world. There are losses, of course, but there are greater gains! The net result of the battle will be beneficent, and not harmful, to humanity.

In order to test this affirmation to the full, let us spend no time considering what may be some of the incidental, and therefore inconsequential, gains which have been brought upon us by the war, but move straight to the consideration of those purposes and ideals for the sake of which we have been told the war was fought, and by the fulfillment of which we have been told the war would be justified. What were those purposes and ideals, and have they been attained in such fashion that we can regard them as gains which compensate for losses?

So far as I can recall, these purposes were three in number. In the first place, there was determination on the part of all the Allies to destroy German militarism, and end forever the menace which it presented to the world. This, of course, has been successfully accomplished. The German army, the greatest military machine in history, has been broken up, its leaders scattered and the head and front of the entire system, the German Kaiser, driven into obscure and shameful exile. Here is a real gain as a result of the war. But let us not exaggerate or misunderstand the significance of this event. For I am inclined to believe that, when the historians survey this period a century or more hence, they will agree that the great menace of our times was not merely German militarism, but militarism in general. I think that these historians will declare that German militarism was only the most efficient and terrible manifestation of that which had become an evil in every part of our western civilization. In one of the most biting and cynical passages in Henri Barbusse's last book, *Clartè*, or "Light" as it is called in translation, the great Frenchman states that there is a difference between German militarism and French militarism. "Yes," he says, "there is a difference; the one is German and the other is French!" In this, I think, Barbusse is a little unfair. There were other and vital differences between these two things; never at any time did the militarism of the French Republic present such a menace to the world as the militarism of the German Empire. But the important thing to note is, that there was militarism present in both places, and that it was this general system, rather than its particular expression in Germany, that threatened the world with destruction. And this system, for all the victorious fighting of the Great War, is still with us!

It is true that German militarism has been crushed; but it is also true that, as a consequence of this triumph, French militarism and Italian militarism and English militarism have been enormously strengthened, and here in America a wholly new machine of militarism has been suddenly created. Conscription, universal military training, martial law, censorships, imprisonments, all these are now a part not of German but of English and American life. What mankind, in other words, has gained in Germany, it has lost, and more than lost, in the Allied countries. There was never before so much militarism in the world as there is today. That militarism, in its distribution, its physical power, its class leadership, its popular temper, was never such a menace to human progress as it is today. What we have snatched from our enemies, we have taken madly to ourselves. The devils driven from Germany have been welcomed without our own borders. As Bernard Shaw puts it, in his last book of plays, entitled "Heartbreak House," "The victors are already fastening on themselves the chains they have struck from the limbs of the vanquished." Which means, to sum up the entire situation, that, "with the usual irony of war," it is the vanquished who have gained and the victors who have lost! As for mankind, it finds itself confronted by exactly the same problem which it has faced from the beginning. We do not see it, of course; we are too near the event, and too exultant over the triumph we have won. But our children will see it clearly enough, when they are summoned once again to battle against this monster, and try to do in their time what their fathers failed to do in this.

The second purpose which the Allies had at heart in the Great War, if I remember rightly, was a positive and not a negative one. I refer to the idea, stated in immortal phrase by President Wilson, "that the world must be made safe for democracy!" This was a great conception, adopted with sincere and noble acclaim by millions of men who gave to it "their last full measure of devotion." But I wonder if there is anybody, in this or any other country, who really believes, deep down in his heart, that this ideal has in any sense been fulfilled by the sacrifice of all these youthful lives? If so, I commend to this person a reading of J. A. Hobson's recent book, "Democracy After the War." For myself I can only say that I believe there has not been any time within the last one hundred years when the world has been so unsafe for democracy as it is today. We in this country have learned to interpret democracy to mean government by "consent"—the glad and co-operative "consent of the governed." Today this government by consent has everywhere been superseded by government by terrorization. For the first time in our history, our prisons are filled with "political offenders"—a phrase unknown to us hitherto excepting in connection with the government of the Czar in Russia. For the first time in history, we have an espionage law which, one whole year after the ending of hostilities, makes hazardous to you and to me such an address as I am giving in this place this morning. For the first time in our history, we are beset by censorship, secret police, raids and seizures—all the things which have made tyranny intolerable to free men from the beginning of the world. And, worst of all, we have today a public temper which acquiesces in these outrages, approves them, and therefore has no intention of ending them. Whatever else the war has done, or not done, this much at least we know—that it has made America and the other Allied countries the most unsafe places for democracy the world has known since the Kaiser ruled in Berlin and the Czar in Petrograd.

But there are many persons who contend that this idea of making the world safe for democracy was never meant to apply to individuals, who have to be put under restrictions in war time, but to numerous groups of oppressed peoples in the Central empires, Turkey, and elsewhere. These peoples, they say, are now delivered of their masters, and great progress has therefore been achieved in the direction of democracy. There is truth in this remark, of course, for the Jugo-Slavs, the Czecho-Slovaks, the Poles, the Lithuanians, the Finns, have all been set apart from their former allegiances, and given governments of their own. But how peculiar must be our conception of democracy, if we believe that this marks an advancement of this principle. For these little peoples, as a matter of fact, have been given not the governments which they themselves might well desire, but the governments which are satisfactory to the Allies in Paris, as they formerly had to be satisfactory to the Germans in Berlin or the Austrians in Vienna. Poland is an example—a government aristocratic and reactionary to the core, bitterly opposed by the majority of liberty-loving Poles, and celebrating its accession to power by pogroms against the Jews carried out after the most approved Russian style! Revolutionary Russia, at this moment, is a still better example of my meaning! In the Soviet regime, as it is interpreted by Raymond Robins, Col. Thompson, Arthur Ransome, and other competent observers, may I say, I find much to admire. In this same regime, also, I find many things to condemn—the same things of oppression and tyranny, by the way, that I find to condemn in my own country at this moment. But what I see at bottom in Russia today—deep down underneath all the surface failures or successes, sins or virtues, of a particular political regime—is one of the most profoundly moving spectacles of history. I see a great people who have delivered themselves from bondage, trying to find their way to liberty. I see a great people trying to build, out of the wreckage inherited from the Czar, a social structure which will serve their needs and prosper their lives. I see a people grappling with a new experiment of democratic organization and idealism, and working heroically at this experiment amid indescribable conditions of cold, famine and disease. Here is a spectacle which should move us all to compassion and instant help—but instead we are repudiating these brethren of the common life, and lifting up our arms against them. Do we talk about making the world safe for democracy? I accept in answer to that boast "the acid test" laid down by Woodrow Wilson—namely, revolutionary Russia. When, in that unhappy country, we bring food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothing to the naked, as Christ bade us to do, even to our enemies, I shall believe that we have accomplished something in this Great War, for liberty. But so long as we bring to these millions who perish, the blockade, the machine gun, and the knout, for no better reason than that they refuse to become our slaves and do our bidding, I shall continue to believe, as I believe today, that the war has not made the world safe for democracy, but only confirmed it in the insecurity in which democracy has always lived.

One more purpose, for the sake of which we went to war, I must still discuss. I refer to the resolve, again sincerely taken and nobly served by millions of dead on a hundred battlefronts, that this war should be the last war. "The war to end war" was the phrase made familiar to us all by constant usage. Have we gained anything in this regard, think you? Is there anybody so innocent as to believe that this war has been ended under conditions that make a durable peace a probability, or even a possibility, in the future? At the very moment when the Allied premiers were summoning the young men to take up arms and die, that their children might not have to take up arms and die in their turn later on, these same premiers were writing secret treaties of lust and "grab" which made certain another war in another generation. Six months after the Armistice was signed, there were fourteen different wars going on in Europe, in which heavy artillery was being used. Last summer, Mr. Bonar Law, in the English House of Commons, announced that this number of wars had been increased to twenty-three. Today, when we are right on the eve of a formal declaration of peace, we see these wars still going on, and, what is more significant, all the Allied countries feverishly restoring their armaments. Germany, the arch-enemy of the world, is prostrate; but England is enlarging her fleet, and spending more money today in her air service alone than she spent on her entire army before the war; France is continuing her system of conscription and military service; and here in America we find our Secretary of War arguing for an army of half a million men and the adoption of universal military training. War ended, you say? There is not a responsible official in any responsible country in the world who is not talking about the next war, and preparing for its coming. In spite of all our treaties and all our covenants, the world which has come out of the war, internationally speaking, is practically the same world that went into it. There has been shifting of power, some rearrangement of balance, but at bottom there are the same principles at work, the same methods invoked, the same pious and futile hopes proclaimed. These have always brought war sooner or later in the past; and, if recognized and maintained today, are sure to bring war again in the future.

Such are the purposes and ideals with which we went into this war. Here are the disappointments and defeats which we face today. We have sought to kill militarism, and we find that it still survives. We have sought to safeguard democracy, and we find that we have only increased its perils. We have sought to secure a durable peace, and we find that war and preparations for war are still with us. Does this mean that we have no gains to compensate for our prodigious losses? Have all the heroism and pure devotion of millions of self-forgetting souls been spent in vain? Is the war, after all, what Gilbert Cannan calls it, in his new book, "The Anatomy of Society," "a futile and sterile" thing? From the standpoint of the gains which we had hoped to achieve, I believe that we are forced, however tragically, to answer, Yes! These gains have not been won. But I believe that in this very confession of despair there is a ray of hope. Another word must still be said, and this a word which shall teach us that this war has not been fought in vain!

I refer to the fact that, in our very loss of these things which we had hoped to gain, there is renewed the lesson—this time, perhaps, to be truly learned! —that war cannot, by its very nature, bring good to the world, but only evil. War must be "sterile" of everything but the revelation of its own sterility—it must be "futile" of any contribution to human welfare but that of its own futility. Again and again has this been taught in the past, but never with such finality as in this vast conflict against the Central Empires. For never was there a war which was glorified by a nobler devotion, never a war into which was poured so unstintingly the idealism of so many men, never a war in which such losses challenged these men to seek compensation in greater gains. If this war could not be made to serve the better interests of mankind, no war can ever be made to do so. At last this truth has been driven home! We see it in the social unrest which is now sweeping around the world like a devouring flood. How stupid we are, if we think this unrest is the work of agitators and desperadoes; rather does it spring from the deepest sources of human idealism and consecration. How blind we are, if we think this unrest is confined to the working classes, and is the expression of nothing better than a selfish desire for higher wages and shorter hours; rather it is shared by the intellectuals of all countries, by all men who have ever had a vision of beauty, or a hope of brotherhood. How mad are we if we think this unrest is a peril to be repressed, an enemy to be destroyed; rather is it a troubling of the waters of life, as by an angel's touch, that the ills of humankind may at last be healed. This war has taught men its lesson. They know that there is something wrong at the heart of our civilization. They know that war can never mend this wrong, or end it—that war is itself only the evidence and aggravation of the wrong. And behold, as those who pray for life for themselves and for their children, the sons of men are rising to the task of making all things new. Who would deny them this endeavor—who would not leap to be numbered among the builders of this better world! The tribulation of our days is great. The sun has been darkened, the moon has not given her light, the stars have fallen from heaven, and the powers of the earth have been shaken! But lo, there appeareth "the sign of the Son of Man." By God's good grace, "this generation shall not pass, till these things be fulfilled."

So may it be! And if so, this war has not been fought in vain. Amid all its losses, it has brought us one great gain—the high resolve of "all the tribes of earth" that "these dead shall not have died in vain," that this world, "under God, shall have a new birth of freedom," that "the people shall not perish from the earth!"

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It takes great strength to live where you belong
When other people think that you are wrong;
People you love, and who love you, and whose
Approval is a pleasure you would choose.
To bear this pressure and succeed at length
In living your belief—well, it takes strength.

*—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.*

## CONTRIBUTED

### Individual Worth

All civilization rests upon the recognition of the worth of the individual man. It is this realization of the value of the individual that marks the passage of the race from barbarianism to civilization.

Appreciation of what an individual life means changes our whole attitude toward life. Slavery is then impossible. The ballot is seen to be the right of every normal individual. The misfortune of one becomes the concern of all. The lack in even one person of an opportunity to use his powers to their fullest capacity becomes an injustice that all society must seek to correct.

It is true that in our present state of civilization we fall short in many ways of all that is implied in this basic principle. Men and women who have the power in them to become great artists never touch a musical instrument, never touch brush to canvas. Men who have in them the capacity to render great service in science and philosophy grind out their lives in dull and monotonous toil. We are civilized not because we have fulfilled this condition of civilization, but because we have accepted it as true and are slowly endeavoring to embody it in the institutions of society.

The whole trend of modern life, the storm and stress of today, is a revelation of this endeavor of men to find that condition of society which will give to every baby born into the world a chance for a rich, full and abundant life. If we do not understand this we miss completely the significance of the age in which we live.

The recognition of the worth of individual life means the recognition of the worth of your own life. You are of worth because of your possible value and importance to mankind and the countless generations yet to come. Your act or word today may touch for good or ill the life of another and may change the life of mankind for all the ages to come. Your kindly or thoughtful deed will live forever. No one can measure the influence of a single life.

We are constantly touching the lives of countless numbers for weal or woe. Our smiles change the world we carry with us. The power that is wrapped in one individual is so great that our imagination fails to encompass it. A chance word may turn the whole course of the life of one who may become the master mind of his day and generation.

We can poison the minds of others with hate that robs them of all efficiency. We can purify and ennoble the lives of others with love and good will so that they are inspired to serve mankind with power. This power for good or evil rests in the most humble and obscure souls.

This recognition of the worth of individual life means that great responsibility has been placed upon every one of us. Worth means value and the only way that we can reveal that value is in our relations to others. Modern life with its ideals of individual worth forces us to ask the question, "Am I of value to society? Is society justified in giving me such opportunities as I do possess?" If we are asking that Society give us a larger opportunity we ought to be sure that we are ready to give back to society something in return.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

## Major Prophets of the New Christianity

### VIII.

ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY.

Ernest Howard Crosby, son of the well-known and great New York clergyman, Dr. Howard Crosby, was legitimately in line by social position, education and native ability, for the highest ecclesiastical, political, social and literary honors in the land. He started in politics with Roosevelt in 1884, and had he been a politician rather than a prophet there is no knowing but he might have been President of the nation. But as Edwin Markham said of Crosby:

> From purple and pomp you elected
> To walk in the grey common road.
> To keep your free soul high erected
> You joined the despised, the rejected,
> To lift at the terrible load.

Crosby was by training and election a Christian. His mind ran first in the lines of Christian thinking; his writings discuss the application of the real teachings of Jesus to the problems of our present-day life.

Because of his real devotion to the spirit and teachings of Jesus he was willing to be a glorious failure as his Master was. As he so well puts it himself when he says:

> I take my place in the lower classes.
> I renounce the title of gentleman.
> Dear Master, I understand now why you took your place in the lower classes,
> And why you refused to be a gentleman.

Crosby was not a socialist, an anarchist, communist —he was a Christian. He sought to recast Christian thinking into lines of a new and vital Christianity. His large warm heart always chafed at the old and worn out forms of Christianity taught in the churches, and when in far-off Egypt there came to him the fresh and living interpretations of the gospel by Tolstoy, he at once resigned political position, sought out Tolstoy and became his foremost interpreter. Crosby did not exert great influence as did Rauschenbusch later, it was too early by a couple of decades, but he saw with clear vision—and to those of us in the pastorates who were wise enough to give him hearing he came as a prophet. Crosby saw clearly that real Christianity must follow Jesus and proclaim industrial justice, abolition of social lines and the substitution of fraternal helpfulness, and that the state must be rescued from military forms.

Crosby was a warm-hearted loving man of most pleasing personality. In early life he showed his rare powers of leadership; it was only because he was ahead of his times—a prophet—that he did not make a bigger dent in the world. Any honest survey of the few pre-eminent Christian teachers who have seen and taught the truths of the New and Coming Christianity, must reckon Crosby as one of the prophets.

ROLAND D. SAWYER.

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All the world complain now-a-days of a press of trivial duties and engagements, which prevents their employing themselves on some higher ground they know of; but, undoubtedly, if they were made of the right stuff to work on that higher ground, they would now at once fulfill the superior engagement, and neglect all the rest, as naturally as they breathe.

—*Thoreau.*

SELECTED

## EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIA

V.

## Popular Misconceptions About Bolshevik Russia

There are a number of ideas on Russia which are popularly current in the west of Europe and have aroused a mass of feeling against the Bolsheviks. From what source some of these have sprung into being it is difficult to discover. Others are based on actual fact. But their existence has been one of the most potent factors in the formation of anti-Bolshevik sentiment, and it was important to discover, if possible, their truth or falsity. To this end I questioned all with whom I came in contact, officials, military, casual acquaintances, the soldiers with whom I traveled, and the journeying public in the railway cars, for no hindrance was placed in the way of conversation, controlling all that I heard by the evidence of my own observations where that was possible.

It is said and printed that the Jews are Bolsheviks and that the Bolsheviks are Jews. On my first journew I saw a young Jewish officer at Gribuchi, and he drove us to the battalion headquarters at Novo Usitovo. At Ostrov, the headquarters of the brigade, I saw two more Jewish officers. At Velikie Luki I had to speak to the Commissary, who was a Jew; and occasionally among the crowds of soldiers who were being moved I saw other Jews. On my second journey I found the Commissary of Velikie Luki removed to Ostrov, but among the members of the staff whom I saw at Velikie Luki I did not find any Jews. As my journey took me through a part of Russia that seethed with troops, this number is striking only by its smallness.

At Moscow of the eighteen Commissaries of the people only one, Trotsky, is of Jewish blood. But amongst employes of the commissariats are many Jews, and they are also more often seen in the streets. Still, it should be remembered that throughout the Czaristic regime Jews were to be found in every revolutionary movement—it was their only way of protesting against the cruelties practiced on them—and in this last revolution there were bound to be Jews. In the offices of government it would be absurd not to look for members of a race who, in Russia, have always valued education and culture, qualities that are of the first importance in the new regime. But wherever I saw Jews, there also I saw Russians in immeasurably greater number, and I came to the conclusion that in all fairness the utmost that can be said is that Jews are found officially among the Bolsheviks in a greater proportion than their race bears to the entire population of Russia. That is, however, a very different proposition from the one popularly believed, that Jew and Bolshevik are convertible terms.

But that statement sticks, and it has produced dire results, especially in the south. In the districts overrun by Denikin, Petlura and the Poles destructive attacks and pogroms on the Jews have been almost the order of the day, based on the statement that where you find a Jew there you find a Bolshevik. As Petlura and the Poles were operating in a part of the Jewish Pale, large numbers of these unfortunate people were at the mercy of the soldiery, with deplorable results. Investigators were sent out by the Bund—the Jewish organization—who brought back verified accounts and photographs which much more than confirm what I have said. Believing, as I have every right to believe, that my statement of the proportion of Jews to be found in the Bolshevik camp is a correct one, I think it only right that attention should be drawn to the horrible consequences of this popular misconception.

Again, it is believed that the Church is persecuted in Russia. As I traveled I was struck by the frequency of the church bells calling to service. Neither in village, town nor city through which I passed, or in which I stopped, did I see a single damaged church. I had photographs of Jaroslav, where considerable damage to the churches of that beautiful old town had been done in the fighting between "Whites" and "Reds," but I did not go there. In Moscow, as I have previously said, the grand church buildings are intact. Indeed, when the government was at Petrograd, a rumor came that the Basil Cathedral at Moscow had been destroyed. Horrified at this, Lunacharsky, the Commissary for Education and Art, resigned at once, only to find later on that the rumor was false.

I went to service in the Cathedral of the Redeemer, and found a large congregation of civilians and soldiers listening to an impassioned sermon by one of the dignitaries of the cathedral. The cathedrals in the Kremlin are being carefully repaired and restored. There is now no State Church. All forms of creed are tolerated, but their maintenance depends on the faithful, not on the State. The popes—priests—are bitterly hostile to Bolshevism, but so far as I could judge they are unmolested.

A specific act of the Bolsheviks is perhaps the best guide to their attitude towards religion. One of the strongest popular beliefs was that the bodies of certain saints and holy men remained uncorrupted and in perfect preservation in their shrines. These shrines became the recipients of that religious adoration of which the Russian peasant alone among the populations of Europe seems capable. In the presence of commissaries, church dignitaries, local officials and the populace certain of these shrines were opened, and, as was to be expected, the people were shown that their belief had no foundation. The result on the minds of a simple, fervent people can better be imagined than described. Speaking generally, the Bolsheviks are contemptuously tolerant of any form of religion which claims the right to existence, but no help of any kind is given.

The belief in the employment of hordes of Chinese by the Bolsheviks is different—it is founded on fact. The question was to discover the extent of this employment and how far it still continued. As may be believed, this was a difficult task. Officials were hardly likely to make frank confessions on a subject which they well knew had aroused a storm of feeling. But by talking with everyone, official or unofficial, civilian or military, who offered an opportunity, and by keeping my eyes opened, I managed to secure some data, though it would be unwise to mention any of my informants.

In all my four journeys I saw only three Chinese, and in Moscow none at all. Alexinsky, a bitter opponent of the Bolsheviks, had told me Lenin was strongly guarded by Chinese, Letts and Hungarians.

This was absolutely false so long as my stay in Moscow lasted. In going about town he was unattended, and the Kremlin guard contained not a single Chinese, but only a few young Russian soldiers. That Chinese had been recruited for the Bolshevik armies was freely conceded. One went so far as to say that there had been some 30,000 of them, but that their number was now very much smaller. From another I learned that there might be 10,000 in Russia, but that they were mostly on the south front. He even went so far as to describe their characteristics—good soldiers, but absolutely without initiative, who would fight equally well for anyone who would employ them. From which I gathered that, instead of being Bolsheviks by conviction, the Chinese employed were pure mercenaries.

Stories were current in Esthonia and Russia of Chinese opposing Balakhovitch in the Pskov region, and he was said to decapitate every Chinese he captured. How true that was I had no means of testing, but so far as I am concerned, in the whole of that region which I traversed, I saw only three. And as for my seeing none in Moscow, it is too much to believe that all Chinese were cleared out of the city for the period of my stay when it was quite unknown to anyone, even to myself, how long that sojourn would last. I am inclined to believe that my information was correct, and that the numbers of the Chinese are growing steadily smaller.

But perhaps the belief which most wildly excited feeling against Bolshevism was that due to the stories of the nationalization of women. This was supposed to be the last expression of the Socialist intention of breaking up the home and the marriage tie and instituting a state of promiscuous free love. I may remark at once that in no country where I have been did the story create so much astonishment or amusement as in Russia. Even Alexinsky had said that it was a hopeless "canard," due to the action of a self-constituted commissary, a *garçon coiffeur,* in the south, who had been promptly sent about his business by the real commissary. Another put the printing of the proclamation at a town still in the south, but farther east than Odessa. Most people treated the story as a malicious fabrication, a piece of propaganda.

The best disproof was the visible condition of women. Home life goes on in the country, among the peasants, as before. In towns like Ostrov, Rezhitsa, Velikie Luki, and Moscow, family life continues, and one saw constantly whole families taking the air on the boulevards, in the zoological gardens, and on Sunday in the children's theaters. Women are freely employed in the commissariats and government departments, and their position is improved, leisure time and pay are both increased. In the great factories at Serpukhof, and at the immense waterworks of Moscow, the greatest possible care is taken for improving the conditions under which the workmen live, just in order that they may lead family life. I went into their houses and into the flats provided and saw for myself.

The nationalization story, at any rate, can be nailed to the counter, and with it goes the free-love "canard." Marriage is a civil function, but no hindrance is placed in the way of a further religious ceremony, should the parties desire it. The Russian peasant or worker marries young. But the hardest blow is dealt against this "free-love" belief by the following fact—there is, to all appearance, no open prostitution in Moscow. That remark is not singular to me; it had previously been made by Hunt, an American journalist, who passed from Russia through Helsingfors more than two months before I entered.

The improved conditions and pay of the workers, men and women, remove one of the chief causes of prostitution, the economic; while the presence of members of the Domestic Servants' Professional Union on the committees dealing with the problem has been of the first value in stopping the practice. It may have become secret, that I do not know; what I state about the cleanliness of Moscow streets is the experience of myself and others. In fact, the position of woman under Bolshevism has not deteriorated, it has improved.

A last popular notion concerns children in Russia. I do not know that this story is prevalent in the west, but in Esthonia I was informed by Russians, gravely and seriously, that if I succeeded in reaching Moscow I should find there no children under ten years of age. All the younger were dead. The actuality was ludicrously opposite. Nowhere have I seen such families, so many very young children, as in Moscow and the surrounding country. At the waterworks I took a glass of tea with the workmen's committee. We were eleven men round the table, and omitting myself, a professor who also went to see the works, my companion, and another, we had no children, the remaining seven had nearly fifty young children between them, and the woman who waited on us had nine. There was a school for 300 children in the grounds of the works, and this sort of thing was general wherever I went.

What is more, to my thinking, there is no country in the world where more care, money and thought are bestowed on the children by the government than in Russia today. To the age of seventeen their wants in the way of food are supplied gratis on the level of the highest category of rations. Their schools, theaters and amusements are a special care, and colonies have been formed in the country to which great numbers were drafted in the summer for reasons at once educational and physiological. And the care begins before they are born.

The prevalence of these stories has been potent for mischief, and if one is to arrive at any clear notion of what Bolshevism is, and of what the Bolsheviks are doing, it is highly important that they should be met and proved or disproved. *W. T. Goode.*

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Only by rare integrity, by a man permeated and perfumed by airs of heaven,—with manliest or womanliest enduring love,—can the vision be clear to a use the most sublime. . . Don't waste life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.—*Emerson.*

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*To the Editor:*

Dear Sir:—In your issue of UNITY for September 11th there is a poem entitled "The Inward Witness of God" and signed "anonymous." This is one of the hymns written by Dr. Martineau. It appears under his name in various English hymnals at present used in the Unitarian churches.

Yours sincerely,

*Kentish Town, London.* FRED HANKINSON.

## THE STUDY TABLE

### Book Notes

"The Gospel for a Working World," by Harry F. Ward. (Missionary Education Movement.)

It seems to be a modern fad to praise detachments. Many students of society and industry have adopted this fad. As a result they report but do not interpret. There is the cold and cultural clarity of the spectator about what they say; but they are too precise to be accurate. They tell us all about the water except what is most important to the swimmer; namely, its flow, depth and temperature.

To report and interpret, to see fact and extract truth,—that is the salient value of Mr. Ward's method and results. He does not pretend, he penetrates. Nor is he satisfied to scratch the surface, he makes us see and feel the subsoil where the roots of people coil or spread, so, he begins this volume with an illuminating discussion of the sacredness of life and persons, and how industry fails to respect life or its sanctity. He quotes the regretful admission of one big business leader concerning the effect of his industry upon the lives of his immigrant workers: "We use up one batch of men as fast as we can, and when they are done we throw them aside and get another."

How can the church evoke response from people whom industry treats as things? How can industry be induced to regard people as persons? What is the effect of the day's work upon the soul and sensibilities of the worker? Does the pay envelope provide sufficient margin to secure freedom for anything higher than bread and a bed? How can the frontiers of privilege be crossed? What specific thing can the churches do, and must do, if they are to live to serve and to save?

By way of answer to these questions in either personal or class study it would be difficult to find a better guide than Mr. Ward's book. It is almost a pioneer in its field. No preacher or student of religion, church, industry, and their varied contacts, can afford to pass this volume by. It is clear, kind and courageous.

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"Why We Fail as Christians," by Robert Hunter. (Macmillan.)

Why did Tolstoy fail to literally live the life of Christian brotherliness? "Tolstoy failed," says Mr. Hunter, "not because of his own weaknesses, vices, or lack of faith, but because of the hostility of established social and economic institutions." With all due modesty one must reply to this, that the Tolstoyan effort was not equal to its job. Is it not pertinent to suggest that if social and economic institutions were too much for Tolstoy, it was not because they were too strong but that perhaps he was too weak. If not, to what is the Christian effort equal? Must we first modify the given universe? Is not the Christian effort the way to do work? Or does it have to wait for a perfect world before it can become successfully effective? Is it not possible that the Tolstoyan view failed to carry on because it did not include the more conquering phases of the Christian attitude?

Take the Tolstoyan virtues—non-resistance, chastity and celibacy, bread-labor and a vegetarian diet, temperance and meditation, prayer and service—do these cover the aggressive quality of love, the purging flame of faith, temple-cleansing, and the cutting edge of righteousness when facing smug respectability encircling a sister in sin?

Is it not a little too naive to assume that because the Tolstoyan effort failed the cosmos is wrong? A better test than Tolstoy might be found in Jesus who is supposed to have won out.

"There is something in Christianity for every soul," says Mr. Hunter in his preface. "There is in it light for everyone in distress of mind, and comfort for everyone in distress of body." Is that all? Is it all ameliorative? Is there no dash and creative forthputting of service in forms of new endeavor? Is there no provision in it for hearts that are strong as well as for hearts that ache? In short, is Christianity simply a religion for invalids?

In spite of what these questions and suggestions indicate Mr. Hunter has written a provocative and in many ways a remarkable book, while as an answer to Why We Fail as Christians it is stimulating if not convincing.

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"Reading the Bible," by William Lyon Phelps. (Macmillan.)

"There are 1,188 chapters in the Bible; 928 in the Old Testament; 260 in the New. If one reads three chapters every week day and five every Sunday, one will finish the undertaking just within a year." There could hardly be a more prosaic and mechanical undertaking than what is suggested here. Such methods have left our Sunday School scholars numb.

The most inciting call for a modern revival of Bible reading might be found in the fact that three marked men of letters have directly and indirectly paid tribute to it. And yet they are about the last three on earth from whom to expect such a tribute. They are, Wells in "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," George Moore in "The Brook Kerith," and Bernard Shaw in his long preface to "Androcles and the Lion." When three such creative artists rise from a study of the Bible with such extraordinary zeal one can easily see the significance and suggestion of the title of this volume.

The author pleads for a reading of the Bible as, "The foundation of modern English literature, the foundation of Anglo-Saxon civilization." He ranks the Bible's historical prose, its lyric and epic poetry among the highest, and its philosophy and practical wisdom with the supreme.

In the lecture on "St. Paul as a Letter Writer," one feels the conscious touch of a master, but Professor Phelps reveals best his selective genius in the lecture on "Short Stories of the Bible." The ease with which he parallels a Bible story with the work of a modern writer is striking. It is like revealing the roots of a great tree and then suddenly pointing to the fruit on the branches about one's head.

In spite of these good features we feel a sense of disappointment. We expected more and better.

John Morris Evans.

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He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe;
And make his wrongs his outsides,
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

—*Shakespeare.*

## THE FIELD

*"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"*

### THE "CHILD-WELFARE SPECIAL."

A big grey automobile truck known as the "Child-Welfare Special" has just been put into the field by the Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor to test the usefulness of the automobile in carrying the message of "better babies" into rural communities. The truck is completely fitted as a model "well-baby clinic," with a Government doctor and nurse in charge to examine children and give mothers advice concerning the care necessary to make and keep them well.

Such advice can be obtained by mothers in towns and cities at children's health centers; but the country woman is usually shut off from such sources of information concerning the proper care of her children. The Children's Bureau car will demonstrate a practical means of bringing education in child-care to the doors of mothers who are far from infant welfare stations, and indeed often many miles from doctor or nurse.

The eagerness of rural mothers to gain such help is demonstrated by the report of the reception given the car at Woodson, Ill., the first stop. In spite of the fact that the threshing season was at its height, the government doctor and nurse were almost overwhelmed with the crowd of mothers, fathers, and babies. Examinations lasted until late into the evening.

"Every mother," writes the Bureau nurse, "was more impressed with the opportunity of learning what, if anything, was wrong with her child, than with the novelty of the motorized clinic. One mother who through an error lost her turn on the first day, and waited in vain all through the afternoon to have her children examined, returned on the following evening from her home several miles out in the country, so as not to miss the opportunity afforded by the Special."—*U. S. Children's Bureau, Washington.*

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

MACMILLAN COMPANY, 64-66 Fifth Ave., New York City, N. Y.: Our Nervous Friends, by Robert S. Carroll, M.D., $2.00; What Did Jesus Teach? by Frank Pierpont Graves, $1.75.

DODD MEAD & Co., 443-449 Fourth Ave., New York City, N. Y.: The Future Life in the Light of Modern Inquiry, by Samuel McComb, D.D. $1.50.

W. B. HUEBSCH, 32 W. 58th St., New York City, N. Y.: The Bullitt Mission to Russia, by William C. Bullitt, 50c; The Political Future of India, by Lajpat Rai. $1.50.

BEACON PRESS, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.: Behold a Sower, by M. Louise Hastings. $1.50.

JAMES T. WHITE & Co., 70 Fifth Ave., New York City, N. Y.: The Harvest Home, by James B. Kenyon. $1.25.

FOUR SEAS COMPANY, 188 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.: A Whisper of Fire, by Agnes Ryan, $1.25; A Cry Out of the Dark, by Henry Bailey Stevens. $1.25.

E. P. DUTTON Co., 681 Fifth Ave., New York City, N. Y.: A Church Year Book of Social Justice, 1920, by The Society of the Companions of the Holy Cross.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., 244 Madison Ave., New York City, N. Y.: Sauctus Spiritus & Company, by Edward A. Steiner. $1.60.

### SANTA ON THE WAY.

I can hear him singing faintly,
As he urges on his deer,
And his song is mellowed quaintly,
As the measures strike the ear,
But the lilt of it is jolly,
And the words of it are gay;
"Get the mistletoe and holly;
I have started on the way."

I can hear the hoof-beats thudding,
As the snow is flung behind,
While the laden sleigh is scudding
With the swiftness of the wind,
And the echoes now are flinging
Broken murmurs of the song,
That old Santa Claus is singing
While the reindeer speed along:

"Little fellow, little fellow,
While you sit and dream of me,
And the marvel of the morning
That shall show the wondrous tree,
For your trust in all the fancies
Of the shadow and the gleam,
I am starting on my journey
Down the highway of your dream."

—*W. H. Nesbit.*

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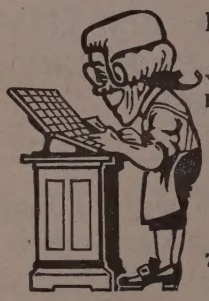

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